

Piece a' shit

by The Invisible Child

Category: Walking Dead

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Daryl D., Paul R.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 21:43:57

Updated: 2016-04-22 19:31:01

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:26:32

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,479

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: I came across on tumblr on this idea of "During a small arguments between the couple things go south quickly after Jesus calls him a "piece of shit". Nothing major you would think considering how Daryl talks but for once in his life Daryl is attached to someone and hearing these familiar words come out his mouth just fucks him up." And I just ran with it.

1. Chapter 1

**_How the hell did we get here?_* Jesus thought to himself as he watched Daryl storm through the bedroom door, almost yanking it off its hinges. The loud stomping echoed through the quiet Barrington house, front door slamming closed and a loud curse **_FUCK_* made its way from the open window to his ears. Jesus sighed and sat down on to the chair next to the desk beside the open window. It was middle of the night although Jesus was sure Daryl and him fighting did wake up a few people in Hilltop. At least Daryl wouldn't leave before sunrise so Jesus had a couple of hours to try and think how to rectify the situation. It wasn't even a big fight which confused Jesus even more, Daryl overreacting to a few "missing" supplies like this was weird even in Dixon standards of dealing with things not going their way.

Sure they had only been dating - **_wait are we still dating, I mean it's the end of the world and I still have to deal with this bullshit dating scene_* - only for three months and were still in the fragile period. Daryl was not one to shy away from arguments or express himself with colourful phrases like the first time they met (**_Come here you little shit!_*). But no matter how many times they fought it always ended up with them making up and making out quite heatedly. Something about adrenalin already pumping through their veins made it more hot. Jesus let out an exhausted sigh as he listened to Daryl ranting outside, he couldn't make out any words but was sure most of it was directed to or about him.

As much as Jesus tried to wrack his head around it and try to make some sense he just didn't have the slightest clue why Daryl was so upset. **_Time to face the beast head on,_** Jesus decided and made his way outside. The stars were out, the full moon shining and no cloud in the sky. It was absolutely beautiful but the air was practically filled with hatred as Jesus reached a fuming Daryl. Leaving a few safe feet between them because he wasn't feeling suicidal. Daryl had clearly been chain smoking considering the pile of cigarette butts next to his boots. Normally Jesus found moping Daryl cute and adorable but right now he was kind of scared. Not that Daryl would lash out physically but the thought of Daryl leaving and never coming back or talking to Jesus again was a very real threat.

"Daryl, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to get this out of hand."
Gravel, lots and lots of graveling.

Daryl didn't even react. He just stood there like a statue. Calm and quiet. Jesus took a step closer, risking it or feeling brave or dumb. Another step followed by two more and he was standing in front of Daryl, his blue stormy eyes radiating with anger and something else. Jesus tilted his head to the left, trying to figure out what it was that was bothering his silent hunter. It was something that broke a little Jesus' heart. Hurt. Daryl was hurt. **_Oh shit, what did I say?_** It wasn't out of the ordinary for Jesus to curse whilst fighting with Daryl, it was contagious. **_Good one Paul, blame Daryl for your actions._**

"Daryl, babe whatever I said I swear to my dad I didn't mean it."

Maybe some humour would do the trick. More silence.
Great.

"Sweetheart, please.. tell me."

Daryl's eyes shifted from the ground to Jesus' chest, a heavy painful sigh slipping past his lips. Daryl grunted something incoherent. Jesus took one last step and gently, slowly lifted his right hand to Daryl's cheek, stroking it lovingly. Daryl's eyes kept flicking down to the ground and back to his chest, like a nervous little child unsure of himself. And then it clicked. It clicked so hard that an involuntary gasp escaped Jesus' lips, his eyes growing wide, tears filling them.

"Oh sweetheart, no."

Jesus said softly and tenderly wrapped his arms around his hurt little hunter who practically shivered in his arms. Daryl's arms hung limply by his side but that didn't discourage Jesus, he started rubbing comforting circles to his lower back, lifting his other hand to gently cup Daryl's head. Placing Daryl's head over his heart and laying his lips on top of his head, placing small kisses between whispering comforting words.

"Daryl, I didn't mean it. You mean the world to me. I would never ever intentionally do or say anything to hurt you. I'm so sorry. Sweetheart please, say something."

A soft wimper followed by muffled,

"you called me piece a' shit, ya never call names 't me."

This broke the dam behind Jesus' eyes and he tried to sniff silently, holding the hurt hunter even closer to his body, trying to squeeze the bad memories out and replace them with the love of his embrace. They stayed like that until the shaking in Daryl's body seized and his arms wound loosely around Jesus' waist. Jesus placed kissed to his hair, forehead, temple, cheek and finally when Daryl lifted his head softly at his chapped lips. A broken sigh left Daryl's mouth as Jesus deepened the kiss just a little. Not the passionated **_I want you so bad_** but the passionated **_I love you so much_**. Daryl was always one to believe actions speaking louder than words so Jesus used that now.

Jesus broke the kiss, stroking Daryl's cheek, slipping his finger to put a few strands behind his adorable ears and gazing to those familiar stormy blues. Those eyes swirling with multiple emotions. He placed a kiss to the tip of Daryl's nose. They didn't need words for the silent messages being conveyed through their eyes was enough. Languidly breaking the warm embrace and holding hands they made their way back to Jesus' room.

As they entered the room, Daryl's body language changed back to that tense state before he stormed off. With a soft click Jesus closed and locked the door making his way slowly to his hunter, even though he resembled a deer in headlights at the moment. With lethargic movements Jesus stripped himself of his white shirt, black boots, socks and black jeans, watching Daryl intensely. Daryl was watching him back with curiosity as he took the three steps separating them and slowly started unbuttoning his sleeveless black plaid shirt. Never breaking the eye contact he just opened the shirt not removing it, it wasn't time for that. His hands caressed Daryl's soft skin, moving them lower to follow his happy trail to his belt, unbuckling it followed by his button and zipper of his jeans. Making his way down to his knees, Jesus started unlacing Daryl's boots, helping him stepping out of them keeping that intense eye contact. Jesus placed a kiss to Daryl's both knees before standing up and sliding the jeans from Daryl's hips to his thighs until they fell around his ankles. Jesus took Daryl's hand again and led him to the bed, gently laying him under the covers. Turning off the lantern next to the bedside table Jesus laid next to Daryl, wrapping his arms around his warm torso.

Daryl's hands wrapped around his holding them tightly and sighing contently. Jesus placed small kisses on the nape of Daryl's neck, pressing his chest firmly against Daryl's still shirt covered back.

"'m know ya didn't mean it.. Just old habits, ya know."

"Sweetheart, you had the every right to get upset. I never should have said that."

And it was true but the cool breeze from the open window mixed with Daryl's even breathing was lulling Jesus back to sleep. The thoughts in his head quieting down and feeling sleep pulling him under.

"Paul?"

"Mhm.."

"I.. I, uh.."

"I love you too Daryl, go to sleep."

Jesus replied with a smile on his face and he knew Daryl was smiling too.

* * *

><p>AN: Second chapter will contain more angst and making up (aka smut)!</p>

2. Chapter 2

The early morning sun was starting to shine annoyingly to Jesus' closed eyes through the open window. **Damn it, should have closed it before going to sleep last night, idiot.** He turned his head to the other side, cracking open an eye wanting to see his cute hunter's sleeping face. Except Daryl wasn't there. In fact that side of the bed was cool as he stretched out a hand to feel it, which meant Daryl had been gone for a long time and that made Jesus frown. As he sat up on the bed, rubbing the left over sleep from his eyes, Jesus noticed Daryl's stuff was gone too. **Well, apparently more damage control was needed.**

Jesus had made the trip to Alexandria on the day Daryl had bolted only to find out that he was out for a scavenging trip with Rosita and Sasha. Which was supposed to last only four days but on the fourth day when Jesus went back to Alexandria they still hadn't shown up. On the sixth day Rosita and Sasha returned but Daryl had gone hunting. It was clear Daryl needed space and time which Jesus decided to give him. He had an immense amount of patience for his brooding hunter, and when dealing with the Dixon it was well needed. A week later still there was still no sign of Daryl.

Jesus had run himself ragged doing every possible needed thing. Going on runs, dispatching with the occasional walker that wandered too close to Hilltop, helping Alexandria with their runs, taking care of the animals in Hilltop even the damn cows that Daryl had an odd fascination with. But thirteen days - **I'm actually counting the days like a lovesick teenaged girl** - later still no Daryl. The sound of the RV outside the gates jolted Jesus from his thoughts which was good since he had been sharpening his knives and losing a finger was not on his to do list of keeping his mind busy. What kept him seated was the sight of his surly hunter walking behind his group. Maggie had an appointment with Dr. Carson, obviously Glenn was tagging along with Rick and Michonne for extra protection and surprisingly Daryl.

A ghost of a Daryl really. It was clear from the sun kissed skin that he had spent most, if not all of his time outside but it didn't mask the paleness beneath that. And those dark circles under his eyes, it was like Daryl had barely slept. That apology had been like putting a bandaid on a walker bite. **At least he's here, that's has to count for something**, Jesus thought to himself.

Jesus watched Maggie and Glenn meet off with Dr. Carson. Rick and Michonne somewhere in his peripheral vision because his gaze was fixated with Daryl although he had not found his voice yet or stood up from his spot on the grass under the shade of an oak tree. They way Daryl fidgeted like he was unsure where to go, his gaze flicking from spot to spot, never setting on anything in particular. Sometimes the bark was worse than the bite. All because of three little words.

**Not really considering his past**, Jesus chastised himself. Finally it seemed that his hurt hunter had made up his mind and Jesus' eyes followed him as he walked from the RV across the field to the door of the Barrington house disappearing inside. Jesus got up, tucked his knives in their places on his belt and slowly followed Daryl inside.

Just like he thought Daryl was sitting on the very edge of the bed in Jesus' room, still looking very much like a small lost child. _**As if my heart wasn't aching enough.**_ Standing in the doorway silently waiting for any clue how to continue this, he had no fight in him left and felt defeated just from the way Daryl kept avoiding looking at his way. Jesus was still watching him like a hawk.

" 'm not sure if.."

Daryl trailed off, taking a deep sigh, his shoulders hunching more. Never a man of many words but the way Daryl was radiating pain told Jesus that it was a struggle on both ends. Taking a deep breath and deciding to go on with the non-existent conversation.

"Daryl, I know you need time and space but I'm glad you came here. I've missed you, sweetheart."

A non-verbal grunt and a bittersweet glimpse of a smirk grazed his hunter's chapped lips. Whatever was in Daryl's clearly storm brewing mind didn't look good to Jesus. Risking it Jesus left supporting the doorway and sat gingerly next to Daryl, leaving the door open for a quick escape, not wanting to smother his hunter anymore. His hand hovering near Daryl's hair, wanting to stroke it behind his adorable ear that peeked through the shagginess but not feeling brave enough.

"I came to Alexandria looking for you. Three times. You were always out so I figured I let you come to me and here you are.. Right?"

**You could hear a pin drop, I swear it's so quiet. Shit, my palms are sweaty. Why am I this nervous? Why can't you just say what you want Daryl! You know I didn't mean it, you hard-headed sweet man. Fuck, I'm so in love with you.**

It was as if Daryl heard his thoughts and looked at him, really looked at him. His eyes squinted, scrutinizing Jesus, making him feel small and fragile.

"I don't want to fight with you. I'll do whatever you want Daryl, give you all the time you want and I'll still be waiting for you like a love sick puppy. Just, please, for the love of God, tell me what you need."

All of a sudden Daryl's lips crashed to his with such force that it sent Jesus backwards and his back hit the mattress. A fiery kiss,

demanding for dominance, Daryl's hand gripping his hips tightly, surely bruising him. Their tongues dancing with each other, both of them panting hard, chests rising and the room filling with the anticipation of what was surely coming. Jesus gripped Daryl's long soft hair in his hand as Daryl's lips and teeth started making their path from his lips to his sweet spot between the curve of his neck and shoulder. A little shuddering gasp escaped Jesus' lips, Daryl's hard on grinding to his.

"The door",

Jesus panted but didn't really want to let go of Daryl now that Jesus had him finally this near. So close but not close enough. He wanted to taste Daryl's skin, kiss every inch of him, drown in him. A growl met his neck and traveled straight to Jesus' cock making it twitch, already leaking with precome. Daryl was grunting, his hips rutting against Jesus' in a maddening rhythm. The sting of Daryl's teeth breaking the skin of his shoulder was only adding fuel to the fire burning beneath Jesus' skin, a deep satisfied moan escaping. Daryl's body was shaking, he was breathing hard between his teeth still attached to Jesus' shoulder and then Daryl shuddered and stilled.

**Wait, did he just-**

"DARYL! Time to go!"

Rick's booming voice broke Jesus' thoughts and just as quick Daryl had quite literally jumped him, Daryl untangled himself from Jesus' grip and left the room like he was being chased by the devil. Jesus just laid there, his chest heaving heavily with deep gasps, the lingering feeling from what had transpired still coursing through him. He leaned up from his shoulders, looking down his shivering body, feeling frustrated and aroused, and saw the evidence for himself. _**When did Daryl open his pants?**_

* * *

><p>AN: I'm thinking two more chapters and then this little story is done. Hope you enjoy!

3. Chapter 3

Slowly his brain caught up with what was happening, Daryl was leaving again! Only this time Jesus was a panting mess of a human being and that shit did not fly. _**No fucking way was he getting away with this.**_ Jumping to his feet, ignoring the state of his clothes, hair or the angry mark on his shoulder clearly visible, Jesus flew down the stairs. Just as he got outside the RV's engine was starting and he ran for his life to reach it. Jesus yanked the door open before the RV started moving. His chest was heaving, adrenalin mixing with arousal in his veins blurring his rational side. His eyes were huge, the black of his pupils almost completely covering his orbs and they latched onto Daryl who visibly flinched.

"Get out of the RV, now Daryl!"

Jesus practically growled like a feral dog. Daryl shifted in his seat, clearly uncomfortable with the situation which only fueled Jesus' rage filled arousal. The silence in the RV was deafening.

"Daryl, I'm not fucking kidding. Get. The. Fuck. Out."

Jesus growled between clenched teeth and it worked. Daryl got up and moved past him out of the RV like a scared little kitten. Rick cleared his throat from the driver's seat, Jesus knew what he was about to say and cut him off with a look. Jesus stomped outside and slammed the door shut before refocusing his rage towards Daryl again.

"Inside."

Daryl gave a barely there nod and started making his way inside the Barrington house, ignoring the gates opening and the RV making it's leave. Like stalking his prey Jesus followed Daryl inside, up the stairs and into his room but this time he made sure the door was closed and locked.

"Listen, 'm a-"

"Shut it. You're not gonna talk, you're gonna fucking pay attention and fucking really listen! I will not be used for your pleasure and when you feel like it. I am your fucking equal! You will treat me like it! And you know what, you fucking know how sorry I am and that I never fucking meant it so what the fuck is your problem Daryl?"

Jesus was shouting, getting all that pent up sexual frustration out, rage tuning out all other feelings. Daryl noticeably bristled, hackles raising, ready to fight. _**Oh, I'll fucking fight.**_

"I fuckin' know ya didn't mean it but can't help tha way it keeps playin' in mah head! Ya knew I had problems when ya decided ta makin' 'em googly eyes at me. And I didn't fucking use ya! Ya know that's not me! Got caught up 's all."

"So, why the fuck did you run away?"

"Which time?"

A dark laughter left Jesus, he was furious.

"Really? Which time? Really, Daryl. Are you fucking kidding me right now? Either one, have your fucking pick!"

"I was just goin' huntin' but ran inta trouble and then just got caught up in other stuff. Didn't mean ta stay away from ya. It's just.. Felt bad and didn't know how ta say sorry for makin' ya feel like shit."

Jesus sighed, exasperated. The rational side told him that it made sense, Daryl was not great with words or this kind of confrontation. But the rage filled side which was still controlling his actions didn't let it break through. Daryl shuffled his boots, looking at the floor before peaking from behind his fringe covered eyes, mumbling softly.

"Missed ya Paul. 'm sorry."

The rage was slowly fading and the more Jesus looked into those

piercing blue orbs of his hunter's eyes made him calmer by the second. Apparently Daryl saw the slight shift in Jesus' still dark eyes and took the steps separating them, enveloping the ninja to his arms. There was a lingering fight that prevented him from melting to the embrace which he normally would have.

"Ya look so damn cute when ya all mad and orderin' me aroun'."

Daryl said with a smirk and a snort of a laughter escaped Jesus involuntary. It morphed the hostile air as both broke into a happy laughter.

"You're such a jerk."

Was Jesus' muffled snarky comeback after the laughter had died and they just enjoyed the real closeness of each other. He placed his head over his hunter's heart and listened to the thunder rolling there.

"Ya still love me."

"You're impossible Dixon."

"But ya do, right?"

That little unsure lilt of Daryl's voice reminded Jesus the whole reason why they had been fighting the first place. Daryl was still that afraid child, unsure of the love he deserved but never got. Jesus lifted his head from it's place and gazed deeply to the waiting blue eyes.

"More than ever. Just because we fight and you run doesn't make me stop loving you, sweetheart."

A little nod, a full smile that reached his mischievous eyes was all the reply Jesus got. It wasn't that Daryl didn't love him too, Daryl just never was one to say it out loud a lot. It was more in the way Daryl looked at him or the way Daryl touched him, the small things. It was the same with his name, it was always special when Daryl called him Paul. Outside of their own bubble it was either **_damn_ninja_** or **_prick_** to the rest of the people but they were loving pet names in the Dixon world and he knew that. It was like their own private joke that no one else would ever understand.

They leaned into a soft, gentle kiss. Neither of them demanding anything more than pure affection. Touches barely there, Jesus stroking the small of Daryl's back in circles. Daryl's hands ghosting over his back, shoulder and finally tangling to his hair, freeing it from the hair tie. The languid kiss transformed once Daryl deepened it by carefully flicking his tongue across Jesus' pink lips. Jesus was willing to give his hunter whatever he wanted, not being able to deny him of anything. The grip on his hair tightened, a gasp escaping between deep kisses that caressed his very soul. Daryl's other hand made it's way under his shirt, lifting it as he touched the length of his spine, up and down, stroking the flames back to life. It spoke volumes how much they had truly missed each other. The intimacy was astounding to Jesus.

Daryl rarely initiated anything more than a peck of a kiss or such intimacy actually ever. More than that it was rare for them to make

love during daylight, Daryl was more comfortable once darkness had descended upon them. Daryl broke the kiss to lift off the shirt from his back and over his head. Licking his lips, Daryl lowered his mouth to the angry mark from their earlier encounter, kissing it softly muttering an apology to his skin. There was a slow fire burning behind Daryl's crystal clear blue eyes as they backed to the bed, Daryl coaxing Jesus to sit down on it. Jesus couldn't break the hold that Daryl's gaze had on him. He watched as his shy hunter started unbuttoning the sleeveless black shirt, letting it drop to the floor. Untying the laces around his pant legs, toeing off the brown boots and worn socks following.

A shirtless, barefooted Daryl was what Jesus' daydreams were made of. A sheen glaze of perspiration made his skin glisten like the perfect diamond, a rough, but diamond that he was.

"You're perfect."

Jesus whispered to the air between them, watching the blush kiss his hunters cheeks spreading to those adorable ears, flushing his sculpted chest with pink. _**Absolutely perfect.**_ He started untying his boot but Daryl interrupted him.

"Lemme."

He watched as his hunter crouched by his feet, untying his boots and carefully removing them from his feet and with same care followed his socks. If this had been any other than the delicate situation they were in, Jesus might have made an obvious religious snarky remark. Daryl stayed on his knees and placed another deep kiss to Jesus' lips. His mouth opening, their tongues caressing each other. Slow, thorough, soul entwining kisses continued as Jesus crawled back in the bed, Daryl helping him, settling on top of him. Not smothering but allowing Jesus to feel every curvature and dip in Daryl's form.

* * *

><p>AN: There is not much of Jesus' thoughts in this chapter because he is vocalizing them all. Next chapter will be the final one, the one where it all culminates. Hope you enjoy!

4. Chapter 4

**Oh sweet lord, that feels amazing**. Satisfied moans left Jesus' open gasping mouth as Daryl's tongue swirled around his left nipple, making it a hard peak. His hands were gripping tightly the headboard, giving his hunter the realms that he seemed to want, need. Whenever that possessive streak showed in other wise submissive, in the bedroom, Daryl turned Jesus on so much that his eyes were already rolling in his head. As he latched onto the other nipple, giving it the same torturous treatment, his hands started traveling south to his belt. His mouth gave open mouthed kissed down Jesus' torso making Jesus' eyes snap open and saw those blues staring back burning with arousal.

If Daryl was feeling nervous or unsure of himself, it was not showing at all. His steady hands unbuckling the belt, popping the button and dragging the zipper open, all the while those blue eyes widening,

darkening. Lust licking his spine, coursing through his every cell. For a brief flicker of a second there was a question_** is this okay**_ in Daryl's eyes to which Jesus only gave a small smirk of his lips. _**My sweet hunter, always needing visible proof of content. Like the fact that he's already touching my hard cock isn't enough._** Daryl's eyes were still locked on his and that tempting mouth lowered to his now exposed manhood. His hunter placed a tender kiss to the head followed by a sinful slow flat-tongued lick from the base to the now leaking head.

"Fuck Daryl.. oh sweetheart your mouth is -"

Jesus trailed off as he felt himself touching the back of Daryl's throat, and then he swallowed. As that sweet mouth ascended, Daryl licked his slit, moaning obscenely. Stars were bursting behind his closed eyelids and he allowed himself to be lost in that wet heat, the twirling tongue doing unspeakable things. That tongue giving little kitten licks to his hole every few times. It might have been ten seconds later or an hour, Jesus wasn't sure how time existed anymore, but he needed Daryl now. Jesus didn't have to voice his thoughts as Daryl somehow knew, it was as if they were on the same wavelength picking up on each other.

Letting go of the headboard Jesus rummaged the bedside table drawer and found purchase. He placed it on the bed - **_when did Daryl lose his pants_** - and kicked off the remainder of his clothes. Dayl placed a kiss on the inside of his left ankle before crawling up on his nude body. Placing his open palm on the center of Jesus' chest he pushed gently making Jesus' head touch the pillow. Daryl kissed him again deeply, the gentle nudge at his hole going almost unnoticed by Jesus. Jesus gasped to the kiss, giving Daryl the perfect opportunity to let their tongues get tangled. Daryl's lone finger was grazing his insides, touching that sweet spot there in a tactical manner making Jesus beg for more.

The click of lube being opened broke hazily through the all consuming feel of Daryl's tongue touching him in ways that scrambled his brain. Second finger entered him and Jesus had to break the kiss or he would not be able to breathe anymore. The lust in the air was thick and both were panting heavily. Eyes locked Daryl carefully added a third, watching how Jesus' eyes became impossibly wide and turned almost black. Daryl's free hand was on the side of his face, Jesus' other hand keeping it there and stroking it with his thumb. His free hand started traveling down from those chiseled collarbones to the sparse chest hair, following down the happy trail until wrapping around his thick shaft.

"Mhm, Paul I need you now."

Daryl mewled, slipped his fingers free and Jesus placed the tip to his hole then wrapping his hands around Daryl's broad shoulders.

"Kiss me, Daryl."

Jesus' voice was hoarse. Daryl kissed him deeply while slowly thrusting to the hilt. _**Fuck, I forgot how good it feels to have Daryl on top._** Daryl caressed Jesus' calf, gently lifting his leg to wrap around his hips and rolled his hips slowly making Jesus gasp to the kiss. Jesus grasped his hunter hard by that long wispy hair,

biting Daryl's lip. Daryl wrapped his hand around Jesus' back gripping his shoulders, pressing their bodies tightly together whilst deeply thrusting into that hot flesh. Daryl kept a languid pace, withdrawing almost completely out of Jesus before pushing in all the way. Hard, deep and hitting Jesus' sweet spot every time.

The slow pace Daryl was keeping was simultaneously driving him insane with pleasure and keeping him frustrated. But Jesus knew that Daryl needed to be the one in control, not that Jesus didn't like being a bottom every once in awhile, it was that Jesus loved how submissive - _**and a moaning, whimpering mess**_ - Daryl was. His hunter needed the confidence booster, to be the Alpha, tell him what to do, what to feel and boy was Jesus feeling everything. Daryl swiveled his hips against Jesus', moaning into his mouth, tongue dancing with his own and it was almost too much to break Jesus.

He could feel his shy verbally-constipated hunter telling Jesus everything with his body that he couldn't otherwise express. The promise of commitment, the longing they'd had to endure, the caring and most of all love.

"I would chase you to the end of the world, sweetheart. You're stuck with me."

Jesus panted to the curvature of Daryl's neck. Their eyes connected, open mouths gasping for air and skin tingling with the anticipation of reaching the peak. Silent messages were being conveyed from those dark blue orbs to him. Jesus nodded and Daryl picked up the pace but never relinquishing his hold on Jesus, keeping him wrapped securely in his hands.

"Paul, I - ah fuck-, I love you."

Daryl moaned and to those words Jesus' whole universe exploded. Stars were dancing in his field of vision, hot white electricity spreading through his every cell, the intense pleasure cutting his breathing. The spasming in his body caused Daryl hit his own peak, his thrusts becoming shallower, erratic, eyes squeezed shut but mouth gaping open. Sinful loud moaning filled the room.

Jesus was swimming on cloud nine when his hunter finally seized and laid his head to his shoulder. Those harsh, deep gasps of breath was breaking Jesus' skin out with goosebumps. His fingers released the grip of his hunters wispy hair and began stroking it absentmindedly. Jesus felt soft kisses being pressed to the side of his throat accompanied by a very pleased humming noise.

"Feels good."

Jesus smiled as a response, too content to say anything. His heart was full, overjoyed by Daryl's verbal confession of his love. It wasn't even dinner time yet but the exhaustion, physical and mental, was making its way through Jesus. Yawn escaped him but he didn't want to let go of Daryl, he wanted to keep him like this.

"'M not crushing you?"

A weak whimper of a question confirmed that Daryl was enjoying the closeness as well. Jesus wrapped his right hand around Daryl's back but kept softly stroking his long hair.

"Mmm, stay right here, sweetheart."

Another soft kiss and a muffled **_I love you_* were the last things Jesus had a hold of this reality. He was too lost already, in a sea of love and warmth.

* * *

><p>AN: And they lived happily ever after! I'm not too happy about the later half of this chapter but given it was my first try at tackling male on male smut, I'd say not half bad I hope. Let me know your thoughts! Would you like more of this story?

End
file.